The Cloath-worker caught in a Trap:

Or, A Fool and his Mony soon parted.

Being a true Relation of a Cloath worker, dwelling in Thames-street, who was wished by an old woman to a Maid near Pauls Church-yard, perswading him she had mony at use, being a meer Plot of the Maiden and she to cheat him of his Money, knowing him to be none of the wisest, cheated him of forty pound.

If you will know then give good Ear,
The merriest Jest that e'r you did hear.

The Tune is, How now Jocky whither away. Or the Tyrant.

Good people I'll tell you now of a fine jest,
Which note unto you shall here be exprest,
You shall know how I have been cosen'd of late,
By her whom I called my Love and my Mate.
She made me a promise she would be my Bride,
But I have lost her and my Mony beside.

There was an old Woman did wish me unto her,
And I, like a woodcock, must needs go and woo her,
I bought me new cloaths, boots and silver spurs,
The cause why I milk her the fault it was hers.
She made, &c.

My sweet-heart was wondrous gallant & spruce,
She made me believe she had mony at use,
My fingers did itch to be at her coin,
As hoping the mony and she should be mine.
She made, &c.

I followed her closely by day and by night,
The hope of her Mony was all my delight:
But when she perceived my greedy intent,
A trick for to cheat me she then did invent,
She made, &c.

She knew I had mony, and she had the wit,
To couzen me of it she thought it most fit.
O she was too hard for me in the end,
God keep me hereafter from such a false friend.
She made, &c.

She sent the old Woman upon an ill day,
She came unto me, and thus she did say,
Your Sweet-heart is taking the Lease of a house,
The which doth belong to old Nicolas Rouse,
She made, &c.

Her Money's at use, and out of her hands,
That she cannot purchase Houses nor Lands.
But if forty pounds you will lend her in lieu,
So she will make over the house unto you.
I lookt for the house and likewise the Bride, &c.

I was over-joy'd when I heard her say so,
I gave her the Mony without more ado,
Forty good pounds she cozened me of,
And now at my misery make but a scoff.
She made me a Promise she would be my Bride,
But I have lost her and my Money beside.

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I Told all my Neighbours I merry would be,
my Sweetheart had purchast a house now for me
Though I lent her mony her cause to preser,
Yet I should have all when I married with her.
Thus a promise she made me for to be my Bride,
But I have lost her and my Mony beside.

At length I did find that I was over-match't,
I reckon'd my Chickens before they were hatcht,
I found to my grief I was wronged God wot,
By a young Harlot and an old old Trot.
This cunning old woman, my Sweet-heart & she
Did make but a younger Brother of me,

For when as I went to visit my Dove, (Love
She would not come neer me, nor grant me her
She said her affection was altered quite,
And she bid me be packing now out of her sight,
She made, &c.

Fair Mistress, quoth I, what moveth this change?
And what is the reason you should be so strange;
If you be resolved to leave me, sweet Jane,
I pray then restore me my Mony again.
Now all men that here me pity my case,
For I have lost all by her being base.

She would not be known that my Mony she had,
But asked the question, if that I were mad?
The old Woman had it, quoth I, for your use:
Then you may go look it, qo. she, good-man Gull.
She made, &c.

If you were so foolish to give her your Coin,
Who came in my name, the fault is not mine:
O learn you more witt hereafter, I pray,
Seek out your old woman, if you'd have your pay
And since thou wantest wit thou shalt want a wife
For I'll never have thee while that I have life.

When as she had given me these purging Plumbs,
I stood like sharp-biter biting my Thumbs,
It made me to fret, to fume, and to stare,
Just like the Wolf that devoured the Fate.
That all that beheld me thought I was mad,
Beholding my staring and countenance sad.

She shoved me out then, and locked the door,
Mony was ther man to abuse before,
Unless 'twere the Gaoler, I ne'r knew the like,
Next morning she sent me a Feather-bed-tike.
She made, &c.

She sent me a Feather-bed then in disdain,
When as she hears how I do complain,
To rest my restless body upon,
After the Baggage had me undone.
She made, &c.

She sent me a Bed in height of my grief,
But she was too good to lie by my self,
I paid dearly for it I plainly have found,
My Feather-bed fire cost me forty good pounds;
Now well-a-day must be all my Song,
She hath the Mony and I have the wrong.

My covetous humour do meet with a cross;
And I was re-warded with forty pounds loss,
A Proverb to all men, to here I will be,
A Fool and his Money's soon parted we see.
She made me a promise she would be my Bride,
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London, Printed for *W. Thackray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.